Around three o'clock I go to sleep and am awakened before seven — apparently not too tired, but vulnerable in every regard, at the mercy of the least *vexation.* And it is precisely this morning that I receive from Jammes the most insulting of letters. And one from little Louis Rouart, so frightfully pugnacious (under cover of the nicest affection) that I must spend the whole morning replying to it. (It is all about the article that the *Occident* has asked him to write about *Amyntas* and in which he wants to show that . . . etc. . . . etc.—thus falsifying utterly the meaning of my book, of all my books, of myself. . . .)

After lunch, to rest myself, I receive Paul ValeV/s visit. Charming visit, but it leaves me exhausted.

Spent a vast amount of time replying to Louis Rouart. He is one of those creatures who do not think they are being frank unless they are being brutal.

*25 May*

Anguish—bewilderment.

I interrupt this journal; dreadful fatigue.

Leaving for Geneva. I am going to get the advice of Dr. Andreae.

*20 June*

As I was about to leave Copeau after having lunched with him, "Oh!" I said suddenly, "look at that elderly gentleman over there in front of Marpon's bookstall" (this was beside the Turkish baths); "he is the one you have often heard me speak of, my old piano teacher, La Perouse." He was standing there without moving any more than a wax figure; his face had the color of wax; certainly he didn't dare touch the books. I left Copeau and approached my revered teacher. I remembered what he had said the next to the last time I had gone to see him:

"I am slipping; I am slipping rapidly. I used to be a good walker; now, with great effort, I walk only very slowly. It seems to me that I am

going through the same movements as I used to, but I notice that all the others pass rne; once upon a time I was the one who passed them, and without any effort at all. . . /'

*4 October*

Sudden departure from Cuverville for **La** Poissonni&re, in answer to a sad letter from Albert that Em. brought back from Criquetot yesterday evening. Walk last night, together, in the garden full of moon-